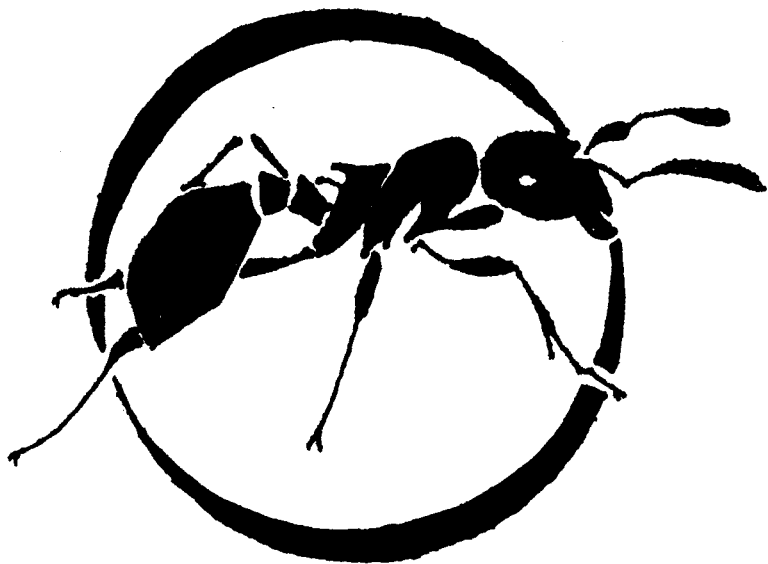


# THE HUMMINGBIRD



# SYMPTÖM

## THE HUMMINGBIRD SYMPTOM

The cricket's zipper creasings kept us awake all night, well that and the three dogs of leaping.

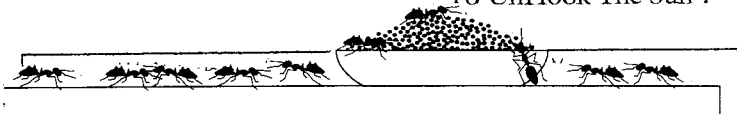
Warts & All & Nuts & Bolt Away Tiny Bunnies.

Stroll down past the shores surrounding the small field Puddle. REMIND me of all those reasons children should sit still and not run and play through the bone yards of the dead? March those tiny tots out by hand holding pairs - the most important thing in their short lived lives is *who* is going to be their partner. Odd ball out, strangerous, holding up to the teacher's limp arm. She, after all, has to be nice even though that kid is stranger than ...

Drawing Room etchings strung to the flypaper walls, Sweat. Shoulders bent in earnest work are too be scorned in the celebration ...

Sitting around thinking of Fat People eating.

To UnHook The Sun :



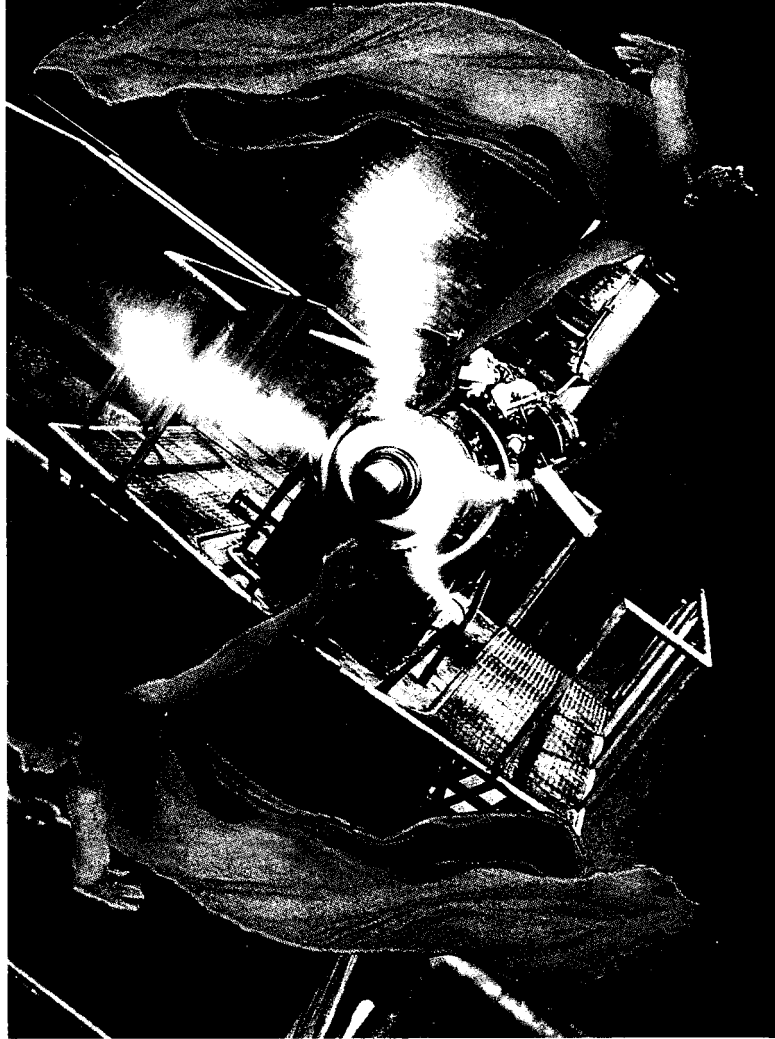
With Apologies to Edward Gory.

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Hts., Oh., 44118. Please write.

Where did we go wrong? I mean we all came from good homes, or at least environments which were only abusive to the extent that we encroached upon our parents lofty expectations of nightly lentil dinners and foreign film festivals. To the extent that we disappointed the radical impulse they harbored for the stripped bare existence of pure aging aesthetics.

Raised by the fallen combatants of the militant decades, we went unwashed out of protest. And we now seek to remove the distance felt burned into our lives by our parent's failed revolutions. We desperately grab at any destructive element praying to discover therein the solace of self-definition.

We are suicide probes jettisoned from obsolete satellites, no longer functionary, into the clouded zones surrounding mysterious planets. Our skidding trajectories plotted years ago by well-paid eggheads who lost the interest then the funding to sustain the mission. Whatever data we collect to transmit home will be ignored, the speakers long turned off in the blinking hub of ground control. We were merely mismanaged, miscalculated and ultimately forgotten.



When Raymond Roussel's play *L'Etoile au Front* opened in Paris, the theater crowd almost rioted. Chanting jeers which drowned and interrupted the narrative, they also threw coins at the stage making targets of the actors and sets. The leading man took himself out of the imaginary space of character, transversed the fourth wall to argue with the audience directly. But he was not alone, the Surrealists were in attendance, inconspicuous among the crowd. They took the side of Art and Spectacle, heightening the din with absurd proclamations aimed at knocking down the jeers and intercepting the projectiles. The whole evening must have been magical, and made a Brecht proud, for theater became infectious, moving off the stage to incite social discourse and chaos, transforming all in attendance into bit players and part of the set design. Virtual interaction, spontaneous assault and complete subversion of expectations, regulations and standard expectations of the dramatic experience. Maybe the first punk rock play? Maybe the last.

- after reading of the incident in Roussel's How I wrote Certain of my Books.



woman stoops to folly

# ROAD BLOCK PORNOGRAPHY

Comic book tee-shirts and too much liquid paper sniffing ruined our minds, befuddled our erections, obscured our vocal chords.

In the twenty-four hour diner we eat grilled cheese, drinking coffee to numb the substance buzz. We grow pudgy and pale from sitting around at night and sleeping it all off during the day.

We become obsessed by those who work well, fitting into one regime or another, devoid of the newsprint smears and the stink of alcohol sweat walking up the stairs.

If we carry weapons, they are concealed novels or black ink pens missing the caps. All so we may doodle in the margins or hold high court on cocktail napkins.

None of us have chins and we talk of leaving this place or that but only in context of where we went once, when our legs were stronger.

And we all do this within six square blocks of terribly magnetized suburbia.





## *De l'érotisme*

i met a man who told me the universe was created for him. That the stars flickered, that rain fell, that traffic jams jammed up, only for the benefit (or torture) of him.

When I asked how he could be so arrogant he replied, "Do you know how good it feels for me to take off my shoes."

I could not argue the point any further and agreed with him.

I met a girl who was eating pancakes in the afternoon diner, she carried a thick book and chain



smoked with her coffee. When I asked her if she knew how good it felt for me to be rid of my shoes, she replied (in between bites), "Do YOU?"

I tell you all this while sitting underneath an umbrella of toad stools watching the dew form on the grass just beyond my toes. I had a dream last night about a young blonde girl in pig tails and a tight red top who fell madly in love with me. We were at a lecture with doughnuts and dim nightmare lighting, people from work mingled with the grog shop coke heads, and we could not find two seats together. That is when she put her head on my shoulder and told me in a soft voice that she was in love with me. When I went out into the gym foyer to find another folding chair, I came across an angry fire red statue of the demon buddha - candles were burning and there was dogshit incense heavy in the air. I wanted to run away, but could not find where I had parked.

if and when i meet that blonde hair girl who loves me i will let you know. until then, remember that world was created so it would feel really good to go around barefoot.



"Ever since I was born, official bodies who obviously suspect something, are constantly tempting me on to the terrain of the useful, and the agreeable : like pastoral scenes on ladies fans. Ladies and Gentlemen, you are free not to look for happiness, that's your privilege. You think you've said it all, you rational animals. Your pregnant definitions peg out while giving birth to ridiculous maggots. The eternal silence of infinite space; explain that if you can; I congratulate myself every time I fail. That such formulae germinate in the fallow land of your brains is both consoling and deadly. The useful and the agreeable, my little flunkies. Here we have man's mania for interpretation, here we have the mental fever whose slight oscillations vibrate in time with human hearts and higher plant life."

- Louis Aragon, 1924.

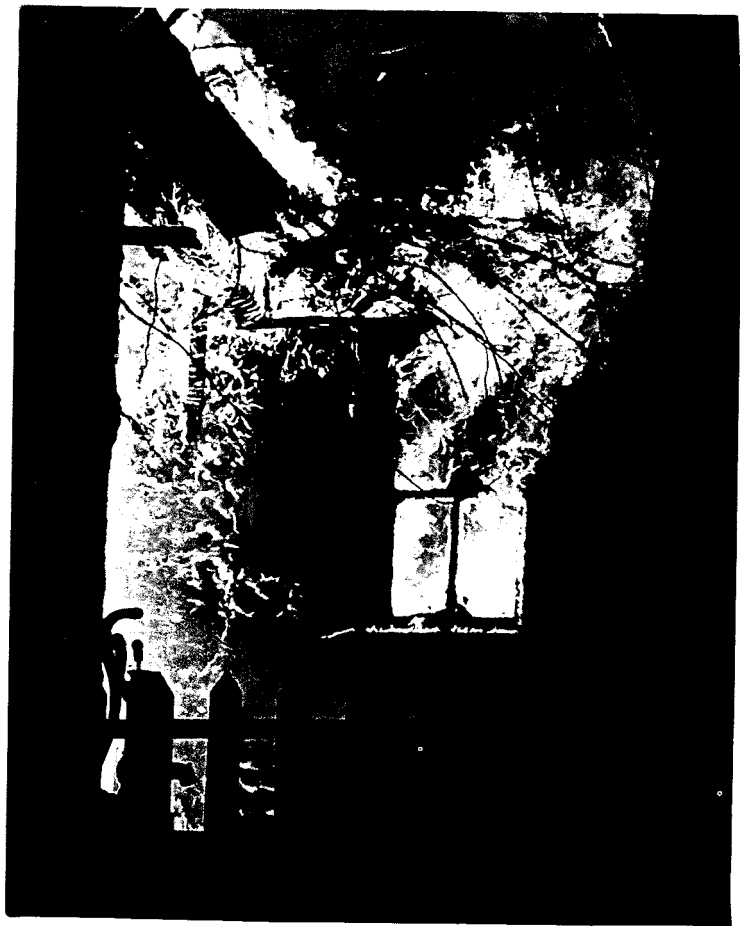
## **Journey Across the Subatomic Cosmos**

# BURNT MATCH CRITIQUE

It was after the matchbook summer of backyard fires, that fall day Charlie Duncan burned down his parent's garage. I remember peddling up the steep hill on that twilight evening, buzzing with an after dinner restlessness and an excited butterfly symphony churning in my stomach to view the damage. Michelle Schader and I stood on the sidewalk apron of the Duncan's house, staring with mute awe at the bombed out garage.

Only two of the walls stood, a fire licked shell, a charred skeleton with a pile of roof wreckage and melted gardening supplies carpeting the interior. We learned later, through the furious lunchroom gossip machine, that the third wall had been blown up when heated paint cans exploded spreading fiery wreckage across several yards.

Charlie Duncan, a tall lanky mousy boy who stood out not because of his imagination, sport's prowess or a spoiled rotten collections of envious toys, but simply because he towered a whole two heads above most of us,

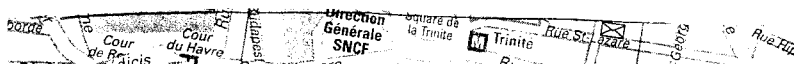


casting a loopy freckled shadow. He really existed in the back of the room, off to the side of the bottom row of the class photo bleachers, at the end of every line for the teachers knew that if he were positioned anywhere else (terrible mischief would be shielded by his abnormal size.

We did not find Charlie all that interesting or useful as a result. Not paying much attention to his quiet presence, hard pressed to remember if he was present at all partaking in our various adventures. Not that we purposefully ignored or excluded him like we did Scott ‘The Snot’ Bastlic, it was just that Charlie Duncan rarely contributed to any of our schemes. That is until he proved himself an accomplished arsonist.

So when Charlie was not in school the couple of days after burning down his parent's garage, everyone noticed. And there were rumors circulating that he had been hospitalized or killed. His desk sat as an ominous, stark reminder and empty monument, to the grotesque achievement of Charlie Duncan.

When he returned to school that Thursday, a few of us cheered him as a returning hero, crowding around him on the playground forsaking the fierce competition of four square, to listen to him repeat, again and again, the minute details of his misadventure. We listened with



rapt attention, completely enthralled each time the story grew with spectacular additions. Imagining the consumptive blaze, inventing scenarios, and placing ourselves at the scene watching the fire surge out of control.

But no one lit a match that weekend. No twig and leaf piles were gathered by shaking little hands. No, scorched earth. Daria Jackson summed it up best when Tom Fishberg presented his newly pilfered BIC lighter to the bicycle crowd loitering in the abandoned school parking lot, as he passed it around, she grabbed the lighter out of my hand, scornfully spitting, "Haven't you dumb guys learned anything?"









# RUNNING AWAY FROM COPS

a slight return



Bagel crusts and a  
Tube of Supergloo  
Backpack and blue tips  
One crumpled cigarette  
Eighty-nine cents in change  
A wallet with no ID  
Straight razor box cutter and an  
Empty prescription bottle  
Twenty-eight obscene stickers  
And a Barbie doll head.

This kid is some sort of  
freak, George.

# BROKEN ECONOMIES AND INTIMATE CANNIBALISM

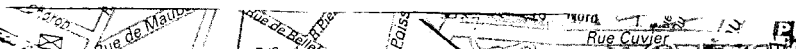
Without the threat of change, nothing seems safe, so we devour routines. Keeping ourselves sedated with charming stories invented to prolong the dread of loss (those lost). But no fortification we inhabit is without trap door vantage points, every stronghold is weak.

So we lie to ourselves about happiness and joy and enact the routines with glimmers in our dead eyes. All to deafen ourselves to the mounting gurgles in the woods, moaning in the walls.

Daily life is nothing less than inept navigation through broken down economies. We bump and careen from one spent distraction to the next and we nap only to alienate the expectation of the nothing which surrounds us.

For we have no festival of sacrifice. We have little room to participate in excess. There are too few consumptive situations which threaten us with renewal by black fire.

Without these pointless moments, we drift hopelessly along the backwash sewer, encountering



rats as gods warring in twilight. What we spend, in order words, is expectation never fully reaching the point of loss. We guard ourselves well against the possibility of a true economy, one which strips to poverty all we normally treasure.

On dark afternoons we are loathe to consumption, yet devouring cravings are abundant. Out ironic mentality breeds in us a panic, a reflex to embody all at once. All costumed roles presented are collected in quantities that we can not hold. When we saturate, there occurs a squirt of ejaculation, meaningless for pleasure or release.

At these moments we become the most reflective, turning in upon our own. An inventory catalog is there to peruse, but nothing contained merits comment. Disgust manifesting as self-loathing. Hyper-criticism of ourselves becomes an impossible task, so we resort to decrying the ineffectiveness of our storehouse collections.

Purges occur. Wardrobe changes. Migratory we roam the nightclub wastelands of cool.

And this consumption of self-interrogation never crosses the lines of transgression. We have no sacrificial entity in which to load our consumption, our cannibalism is utterly bankrupt.

What is to be done in this situation? To transform ourselves back into human beings? Should we seek out that which shatters us? Should we drown ourselves in petty emotionalism? Can we rupture the shroud in which we were buried in? How best to seek out victims?

Alone, it would appear, with considerable ineptitude.





# REJECTION SLIPS

analyze why

"Is there a single life which is not impregnated with life giving errors, a single clear, transparent life without humiliating roots, without invented motives, without myths emerging from desires? Where is the action pure of all utility : SUN abhorring incandescence, angel in a universe without faith, or idle worm in a world abandoned to immortality?"

- e.m. cioran Short History Of Decay.





# .answerability.

an open curtain play.

She's got the frog eyes again.  
Stop it Tommy, really just stop it.  
No Caroline, I won't. She's got 'em  
sprouting out of her godamn head,  
sprouting there like some sort of gout boil.  
It's gross and you shouldn't make...  
Fuck yeah it's gross! I can't stop watching  
her, just like in fourth grade when I  
couldn't stop watching Ralphy Mullin  
fidget his obese fingers. He'd mouth  
breathe and touch his fat face with those  
meat claws. You know little pudgy fingers  
dimpled in at the joints, little fucking  
indentations like someone pressed really  
hard into his Playdough appendages leaving  
deep thumb marks. Then he'd drag these  
sausage rolls along his face, petting himself  
with his long drag queen nails. The sound  
those super white squared off claws made,  
scraping along his Campbell soup boy  
cheeks. Oh Jesus, it turned my stomach.

Really those fucking nails! That ruddy bloated flesh! That scratching flick! There's the reason I cut my nails down to the flesh, that's where the hatred of long nails originates! Fat fucking Ralphie Mullin sitting next to me in the fourth grade! Obsessively petting his roly-poly face, pickin his nose, mouth breathing for Christ's sake! And there I was, this little introverted self-conscious freak, completely uncomfortable in my own body, nervous stomach like I always was holding back a painful bloody shit squirt explosion staring, unable to avert my eyes, at this fellow freak. Staring with all the contempt I could muster before a broken heart. That's why I can't stop watching those fucking frog eyes. It's her fault, she's conjured up the ghost of fat Ralphie fuckin Mullin!

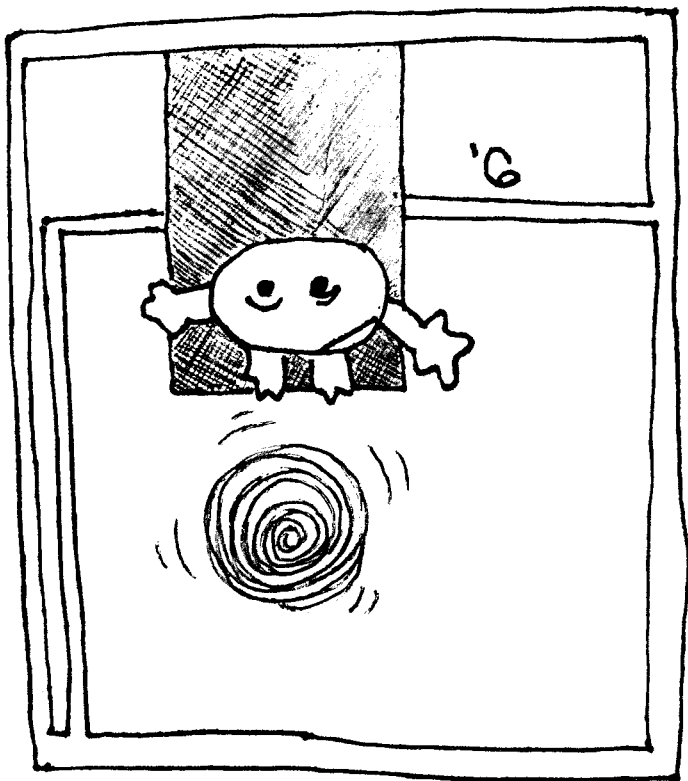
You're a complete idiot, Tommy.

I know Caroline, I know.

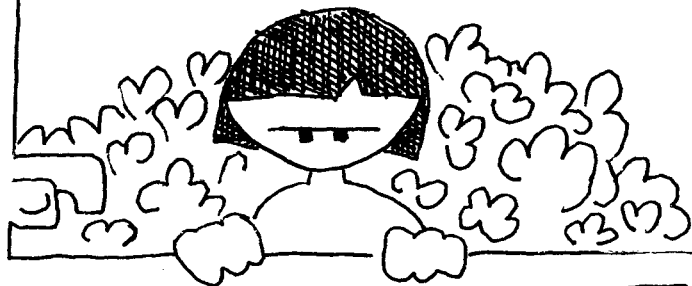
Wanna do another shot?

Yeah, I'll buy ya a shot.

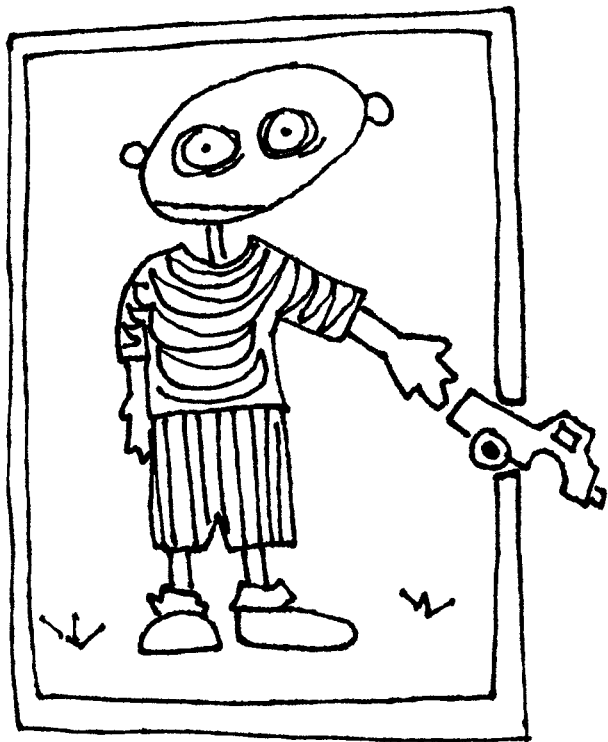
Then it is a great night in Cleveland my friend, a great night!



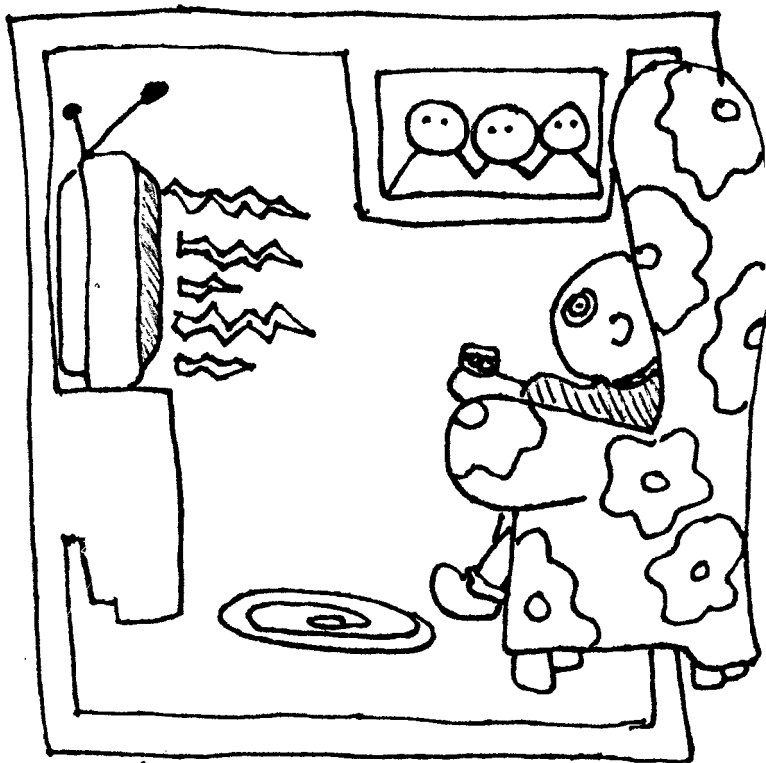
JANICE BECAME FRANTIC  
AFTER SHE SAW WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
FRANK.



ALISA HATED THE  
WORLD AND ALL THE  
BUBBLES IN IT.



TINY TODDY  
ONLY HAD BROKEN  
TOYS TO PLAY WITH.



KINDERGARTEN,  
CARTOONS,  
VODKA,  
AND MILTON.



ONE AFTERNOON  
HOLLIE'S PASTE HABIT  
ESCALATED  
UNCONTROLLABLY.

**PROHIBITED**

**ONLY CHILDREN  
UNDER 11 YEARS  
OF AGE MAY PLAY  
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